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ness and sobriety. In this state of uninterrupted tranquillity the Sheas remained during the summer: but the catastrophe was approaching, so well foreseen by the father of Leary.

It happened late one night in harvest time, when the family were as usual collected round the kitchen fire, that Wat suddenly recollected having left open a gate leading from the fields where the cows were pastured, into a large tract of unreaped corn. Fear lest they should get in and trample down the crop, made him start up, and signify his determination to go immediately and close it. Some indefinable presentiment of evil had been hanging over the mother during the whole day. She earnestly conjured him to forego his intention, telling him at the same time of the fears that oppressed her. The superstition of the Irish peasantry is well known. At first her words made a strong impression on her son, and his face whitened perceptibly at her earnestness of action; but speedily recovering himself, he called to mind the (to them) serious loss which would accrue, was the herd to be left ranging the corn during the entire night, and endeavoured to impress the consequences on her, but in vain; she still remained inexorable, and refused to agree to his going out. At length, the anxious father, who was also fully alive to the loss which he might sustain if the young man's apprehension should prove true, advanced from the arm-chair which he occupied at the fire-side, and signified his determination to end the dispute by going himself. This movement at once decided the controversy, and Cauth Shea agreed to her son's departure without further opposition, being well aware that, when the deed was to be done, Wat was the fittest messenger; as age and its accompanying infirmities, were already fast rendering her husband unfit for active exercise. She accordingly attended him to the door, and dismissed him with a trembling prayer for his safety.

As soon as Wat had departed, his sisters endeavoured, by renewing the conversation, to draw away their mother's attention from the fears which alarmed her, but their endeavours were without success. Still she listened in breathless terror to the sigh of the night breeze as it fitfully moaned by the cabin, as if she thought its voice was about to herald the approach of misfortune. At length, when sufficient time had elapsed to allow of her son's return, without his having made his appearance, her fears began to be shared by the rest of her family, and every ear was anxiously bent to catch the first sounds of his approach, but still no step rewarded their watchfulness. Half an hour more passed in this silent and sorrowful suspense, without the wished for sound saluting their ears. It was then that poor Cauth Shea, thinking her worst fears realized, burst into a passionate fit of lamentation, and paced the floor of her humble kitchen, wringing her hands in the most intense grief. Her husband more surprised than alarmed at Wat's stay, affectionately demanded why she troubled herself so much at a very natural occurrence; reminding her of the peaceful state of the country, the shortness of the distance he had to go, and the little likelihood there was of any accident happening to him on the way. To all this she only answered,

"Oh! Tim Leary's last words—they are always afore me, since ever I hard them tould."

Another half hour having elapsed without tidings of the absent Wat, the old man became himself greatly alarmed, and set out, despite of every remonstrance, to explore the way, and make out the cause of his delay. In about twenty minutes he returned in a dreadful state of agitation, bearing in his hand the straw hat of his son, which he found in the field where the cattle were grazing; nothing further, however, he had learned of him, notwithstanding all his search. But though so much alarmed himself, he strove to comfort the listeners with the hope, that the young man had met with some friends on the way, who had carried him off to a wake which was holding at some distance. Whilst the rest of the family were consoling themselves with this conclusion, the mother remained uncomfortable.

In this state of uncertainty they remained for an hour longer, when suddenly the approach of footsteps gave new life to all; but their joy was of short duration, for on a nearer approach the tread appeared far too slow and too

heavy to belong to the light and active Wat. They looked at each other as the noise approached, and a strange mixture of fear and doubt prevented any movement, until a heavy push at the door, as if the stranger had thrown himself against it, accompanied by a deep groan, roused the unhappy mother to action, and she hastily arose from the settle on which she was sitting, and undid the latch. The moment the door was opened, a man rushed in, gave a loud cry, and fell senseless near the fire—it was Wat Shea!

It would be needless to relate all the measures taken by the agonized mother, assisted by the rest of the family, to restore animation to the lifeless body of her son. Let it suffice, that he was hastily borne to bed, where, in the course of a short time, their endeavours were crowned with success. On first opening his eyes the patient gave a deep groan and,

"Tim Leary, Tim Leary!" he exclaimed with a convulsive start of horror, "you've had your revenge at last." Then perceiving his mother, who watched over him with breathless solicitude, he concluded, "mother, send for the priest—I'm dying." He was a corpse before morning.

The relation which he gave was wild and strange to a degree. When arrived at the field, he stated he proceeded towards the gate which he had left open, but had got only a short distance, when his progress was arrested by the appearance of some moving object fixed right in his path. On approaching it he perceived a large white dog facing him, as if ready to oppose his further advance. A sudden terror came over him, he continued, such as he had never known before, and he drew back a few steps; but still as he retreated his pursuer advanced with equal pace, increasing, it appeared, in size at every step. Terrified at the apparition, he ran with the utmost speed towards the nearest ditch, and had nearly reached it, when, on looking back, he perceived the object of his alarm, now increased to an immense size, close at his back, with its fore-paws just descending on his shoulders, as if to bear him down, each eye of the gigantic phantom red as a flaming torch. In that moment, as he was hurled with tremendous violence to the earth, he declared that he distinctly heard the following words—"Wat. Shea, I told you that I'd never forgive you."

More he could not relate, save that, on reviving, he found himself deprived of all strength, and for a long time scarcely able to move a limb, like one after receiving a dreadful beating. In such a state he had reached his house, as already related. The most surprising feature of the story was, that his body exhibited no marks of outward violence whatever.

The circumstances detailed in the foregoing narrative, singular as they may appear, are corroborated by the concurrent testimony of the whole family of the unhappy man whose fate it details, as well as of many others cognizant of every circumstance in the extraordinary recital.

STORY OF THE DUKE DE ALVA.

It was on a December evening, when the winds and waters seemed striving which should make the most fearful ravages, that the inhabitants of the little village of Melinda, in the bay of Lago, were alarmed by a signal of distress at sea. The night being an awful one—the waves fearfully bounded to the blast, and the vivid lightnings playing over their undulated surface, discovered a ship driven by the strong lee-wind towards the shore. In vain the landmen, who had been drawn together by the signal of distress, shouted to steer her between two enormous masses of rock, in which course was her only chance of safety, for the dashing of the water drowned the loudest voice; even had the helmsman heard it, the thing were impracticable, as immediately after a huge wave struck the vessel on her beams and unshipped her rudder, and in a few moments she struck on the reef at the east side of the bay, and went to pieces. After a fruitless watch of several hours, to assist any who might have been able to reach the shore, the villagers retired to their respective habitations, with the melancholy feeling that not only the vessel but all on board were lost.

In this ship was the young Duke de Alva, who, as his father had been some time dead, not only inherited his

title, but was heir to the vast estates which surrounded the chateau, and were situated about eight miles from the village. When the ship first struck, he, together with a lad about his own age, fastened themselves to a plank, as the only means that afforded them even a chance of reaching the shore; and after striving with the waters for some hours, they were driven on shore, about a mile distant from the fatal rock. But the noble youth, unused to a life of hardship, and untutored in the dangers of the deep, had breathed his last long ere their fragile bark was washed upon the sands.

Juan Palos, for such was the name of the only being saved from the wreck, was about the same age and size as his deceased companion, but far, far different had been their prospects in life, and their feelings on board the ship. While the young Duke, returning from his three years' travels, thought of little but the enjoyments that might be purchased by his wealth, the other, with a deeply boding mind and quick apprehension, was anticipating those troubles with which his poverty threatened him.—The rising sun had faintly tinged the highest pinnacle of the Alpine barrier, in the distant scene, when Juan had so far recovered from his state of exhaustion, as to be able to disengage himself from the plank which had floated him ashore. His eyes involuntarily turned upon his dead companion, who was not only very similar in size and form, but whose face and features wore a striking resemblance. This fact was not unknown to Juan, and the idea came forcibly into his mind, that by assuming the dress of his deceased companion, he might pass for the Duke de Alva. No sooner was this thought conceived than, faint as he was, he commenced putting it into execution by assuming the clothes and jewels of the young Duke.

The tidings of the stranded vessel had been carried to the chateau of the Duke de Alva, and its inhabitants, much alarmed by hearing that the name of the ship in which their young lord was expected, was marked upon some of the packages that had floated ashore, at the ear-

liest dawn proceeded in different parties to traverse the coast. Scarcely had Juan completed the change of raiment and again laid himself upon the sand beside the dead body of his companion, shrewdly anticipating the circumstances which were about to follow, than, on turning the jutting corner of a rock, some of the party from the castle descried them lying together. The rich dress in which he was attired attracted their attention, and it did not require a very strict scrutiny to convince them that this was their young master, while the pulsation and warmth of his body testified that life was not extinct.—Juan scarcely knew how to act, and in this state of mind he lay motionless, as though he were still suffering the effects of his late exhaustion. It would be impossible to conceive the anxious feelings with which the Duchess hung over him, while he lay as if in a state of unconscious stupor, nor the joy which animated her breast as he appeared to be regaining strength. But here he felt he was in a dilemma. What account was he to give of his travels, his affairs, and his acquaintances, or how could he recognize the several friends and domestics, the knowledge of whom three years' absence could not have obliterated, and his failure in doing which would destroy his scheme and bring ruin upon himself. He therefore determined to awake from the stupor of exhaustion only to the phrenzy of a fever, and talk and act so incoherently, that nothing he said or did should be attributed to a sound mind, until he had learned sufficient from the converse of those around him, to act his part with sufficient accuracy. By the judicious management of this plan it was not long before he became acquainted with all the secrets connected with the family, as well as the acquaintances of his predecessor in the title, and so completely did he succeed in his stratagem that, by the period when the laws of Spain permit an heir to enjoy the paternal inheritance, he contrived to have so completely regained his mental powers, as to be allowed to take possession of the princely title and estates of the ancient Duke de Alva.



KILSHARVAN CHURCH.

The civil, military, and ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland, have, for several years, presented a fruitful field of research and inquiry to many able writers, who have succeeded, after much toil, and considerable erudition, in dissipating to a certain extent, the mist of indifference and ignorance that has so long shrouded their history. Still,

although much has been done, the subject is still so very ample, and the materials so very plentiful, the harvest is not yet exhausted; and there are yet many of these remains, which, from their situation, add considerably to the picturesque and attractive appearance of the country, yet wholly unknown or disregarded.